(10)

THE GENUINE
DYING SPEECH
OF THE REVEREND
Parſon Coppock,
PRETENDED
Biſhop of *Carliſle*:

Who was *drawn*, *hanged* and *quartered* there, Oct. 18, 1746, for *High Treaſon* and *Rebellion*:

Containing an Account of his *Education*, his Method of obtaining Orders, the *Motives* of his going into the Rebellion, and the *Conduct* of ſome of his Brethren, with many other *curious Particulars*.

Publiſh'd by *Parſon COPPOCK*'s Order, for the *Satisfaction* of the *Publick*.

CARLISLE:

Printed by Thomas Harris, and ſold by J. Robinſon, near *Ludgate*, London, and by the Hawkers there. Price Six-Pence.

Carliſle, Oct. 16, 1746.

THE following Account of my *Life*, and what I thought proper to have publiſh'd as my *laſt* and *dying* WORDS, I order *Thomas Harris* to print, and that he publiſh it with all Expedition.

THOMAS COPPOCK.

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GOOD PEOPLE,

IT having long been the Cuſtom for *Malefactors* at the fatal Tree, to give a Narrative of their Lives and Converſations, for the Satisfaction of the Audience I think it highly incumbent on me, now in the like melancholy Situation, to comply with ſo antient and laudable a Practice, and the rather as I am a Stranger to moſt of you, and would gladly have been your *Biſhop*, I am bound in Duty to give you a faithful Account of myſelf. You ſee Gentlemen by my Habit and Appearance I am no common Criminal, and it would be very indecent in one of my Rank and Character in Life to go out of the

World in Silence: Therefore as you do me the Honour to attend on this ſolemn Occaſion, I will freely relate my Hiſtory, and warn you of thoſe rebellious Principles and Practices, which have brought me to this ſhameful End, concluding with ſome Paſtoral Inſtructions for your avoiding the like: Then I hope I ſhall be entitled to your Pity, and in the mean Time to your ſerious Attention.

Know then, that I was born in the Town of *Mancheſter*, famous of late for the Production of Rebels; but I hope my Brethren and Townſmen will think it high Time to take Warning and grow better for the future. My Parentage indeed is not very illuſtrious; nor yet ſo mean as malicious People give out, for my Father follows one of the moſt

uſeful

uſeful and primitive Profeſſions in the World. By his Dexterity therein he got Money to hoard, till I became of Age and Taſte to give it Vent and ſet it a-going.

To paſs over the many Pranks of my Youth (too trivial to be now related) I ſhall haſten to the moſt important Incidents of my Life. I had my School Learning and Education at the Free-Grammar School in *Manchester*, and not at a private one in the Neighbourhood which has made People wonder where I imbibed my Rebellious Principles; but of this by-and-by.

When I had gone through Claſſical Learning my loyal Maſter was pleaſed to tell my Parents, that I had a Sharpneſs of Genius, that, (if governable) wou'd enable me to puſh my Way handſomely

in the World. My Father pleaſed with this Report, and being then ſtrong in Caſh reſolved to ſend me to *Oxford*; dreaming of nothing leſs than a Biſhoprick for me; too ſoon, and too ſadly alaſs! verified. Away I was pack'd to BRAZEN-NOSE, the next Step uſually made from that School. There I began to make large Draughts on my Father's Purſe, which he open'd very freely awhile, not doubting I was laying out his Money to good Purpoſe; But inſtead of following my Studies, I ſoon turn'd the Fine Gentleman, and got the Appellation *of ſweet-ſcented Sir*. Tho' I did not increaſe my Learning I added to my original Aſſurance; and in two or three Years became ſo famous that the whole Univerſity took Notice of me; — but it was to deſire my Departure out of their Coaſts, or elſe (to whiſper a Secret)

I was

I was to be fairly expelled. So I was forced to come down, an unexpected Gueſt to my Parents.

By this Time I had almoſt exhauſted their Caſh, and they ſuſpected I had not finiſh'd my Studies. To make Matters eaſy, I aſſured them I had taken my Batchelor's Degree, and, in the Judgment of the College, had made ſuch prodigious Advances in Learning and Piety, that I was even then fit for any Eccleſiaſtical Preferment. This pretty well pacify'd them, and they inſiſted I ſhould go into Orders; but

Hic Labor, hoc Opus!

Or in plain Engliſh

There was the Rub:

For Teſtimonials of my Learning and good Behaviour I had none, and

was

was conſcious the Clergy of *M*------r knew me too well to ſign any ſuch. However I reſolved to make a Trial, and as I ſuſpected found them uncommonly ſqueamiſh. They made many Objections, and at laſt flatly denied me. But I was determined not to be baffled, and that the Coſts my Parents had been at in my Education, ſhould not be fruitleſs; for get into Orders I would, by Hook or by Crook. What ſhould I do, or which Way ſhould I turn? I will diſburthen my Conſcience and freely confeſs; I prepared a pompous Teſtimonial of my Education, Sanctity, Learning, &c. and put the Names of two young Clergymen to it; confidently ſhowed it to one of my quondam Schoolmaſters, who believing it genuine, ſubſcribed it himſelf. Thus furniſhed, I gave the finiſhing Stroke

to

to my Father's Caſh, and poſted to London, where, by the Strength of this half-forged Certificate, I compaſſed my Point, got into ORDERS, and ſtrait began to look out for Preferment.

At this Time a Pluraliſt, who had a Curacy vacant in K——, was come to the Ordination to pick up a Curate. The Income being ſmall, and the Situation unhealthy, there were few Candidates for it. Hearing of this I offer'd myſelf; and, my Price being loweſt, was accepted at once. I had then already cook'd up ſome Sermons, being very ambitious of beginning my Trade ſo directly went down to my Cure It was ſeated on the Sea Coaſt, and moſt of my Flock I found to be Smugglers. I adapted my Sermons accordingly, and in Imitation of a Reverend Brother, who had

had lately preached up, before the African Company, the Lawfulneſs of the Negro Trade, I preach'd up to my Company the like of Smuggling. My Doctrine, ſquaring with the Conſciences and Practices of my Hearers, was greedily ſwallowed, and, in Return, they made me Preſents of Anchors of Brandy, Pounds of Tea, and ſtore of other good Things, ſo that I could have lived very comfortably among them, had not the Malice of ſome of my Reverend Brethren in *M*------r followed me thither; making more Noiſe and Clamour againſt me for a little Forgery, than if I had been hatching Treaſon and Rebellion. In ſhort, as if they had been the moſt innocent People themſelves, (of which you will judge before I have done) they purſued me

me so closely, I was forced to give Way and lose my Curacy.

Thus turn'd adrift, I had no Refuge to fly to, but Home; and an unwelcome Guest I was, having, as I said before, reduc'd my Father's Purse to a Consumption. He was now redoubling his Diligence at his old Trade, to recruit it, and soon told me "*Orders* "*to preach, or Orders to march was* "*the Word.*" I understood him, and made another Excursion in Quest of Preferment.

After much Shifting I applied to the Bishop of *C----r*; and putting on an Air of Modesty, told him of my Misfortunes and my Repentance. To ingratiate myself I fram'd a long Story of my Education in Brazen-Nose, dressed up the Characters of the Fellows and

Tutors there, and pretended I could write a ſecret Hiſtory of that Col--- for the Service of the Government. The Biſhop, with his uſual Readineſs to ſave People in Diſtreſs, ſaid he would try me in a Curacy then vacant in W----l, and gave me Credentials to go thither. I found my new Flock were alſo Inhabitants of the Sea-Side, but no Smugglers, ſo I could get not thing among them, but a little Ale now and then after Service. Being merry with them one Sunday Evening in Summer, I propoſed Bathing in the Sea, and tempted ſome of them in; who being no Swimmers had like to have loſt their Lives for my Frolick. They were ſo heartily vex'd, that they ſent a railing Remonſtrance againſt me to the B----p, wherein they called me a Dutchman, and ſaid I was fitter for a

Sailor

Sailor than a Parſon. This Prank effectually ruined me; for the B---p complied with their Requeſt to diſplace me, and I was ſent pennyleſs home a third Time.

My Parents were now out of all Patience, and could no longer ſupport me; and indeed I was ſo blown there was no Chance for Preferment, or even a Subſiſtance, in the Church, under the preſent Government. So I now began to caſt about and look another Way; for at this Time I heard of a Stirring in Scotland; and to learn how Matters were likely to go, I aſſociated with ſome of my Reverend Brethren, and pretended a thorough Change of Life and Principles. In Return I heard nothing talked of but ſtrange Revolutions in Church and State, and many Biſhopricks, Deanries, and other fat

Benefices,

Benefices, soon to be vacant. I determined to come in for a Slice, and therefore began to equip myself with High-Church Principles, to be ready for such an Event, and borrowed *Filmer*'s *Patriarcha*, of one Reverend Brother, and the *Hereditary Right* of another; for to tell you truly among the Laity I could meet with no such Books. These Principles, being suited to my future Views, I greedily imbibed and resolved to enter into Rebellion the first Opportunity.

I waited not long: For Sir *J*—— *C*——'s Defeat was soon after whisper'd about, and I perceived some Reverend Countenances to brighten up and look smart on that Occasion. I learned by some secret Intelligence that the Scots would bend their Course Southwards and be shortly at *M*——*r* in their Way

to

to St. *James's*. I thought with myſelf I would not be behind any of my Brethren in my Preparations for that joyful and long-wiſh'd-for Occurrence, ſo privately provided a Plaid Scarf and Cockade, and intended to pay my Devoir to the P___* as ſoon as he arrived at *M___r.*

Accordingly within a ſhort Time after he came, I went to wait on him and tender my Service, and pleaſed myſelf with thinking I was the firſt of my Order that did ſo. But how great was my Surprize upon finding the contrary; for, upon my Admiſſion into his Preſence, lo! who ſhould be there but two of my Reverend Brethren, one of them upon his Knee, kiſſing the P___'s Hand and praying for his Succeſs. I was ſtruck

* Here, and in other Places where this Capital Letter occurs, may be read Prince or Pretender, as the Reader ſtands affected.

ſtruck dumb, and even my kneeling Brother bluſh'd to be ſo unexpectedly caught. The P—— raiſed him up and advancing to me was pleaſed to receive me very graciouſly. He expreſſed great Satisfaction at the Clergy's beginning to appear for him, ſaying, that truly till then he thought there had not been a Clergyman in *England*, not having ſeen one of the Order before he came to *M——r*; but from ſo good an Appearance of us he hoped more would follow our laudable Example, aſſuring us it would be of the greateſt Service to his Cauſe, and the ready Road to Preferment. And to convince us of his Sincerity he offer'd, as a Reward for our early Loyalty, to beſtow any Eccleſical Dignity we had ſet our Hearts on, as ſoon as we ſhould be pleaſed to aſk.

Here we all made very low Obey-

ſances

ſances; and my Reverend Brethren, being ſeized with unuſual Modeſty, ſtood ſilent. But I, like Sir *Francis* in the Play, embolden'd by the laſt Words, ſhot him flying, and thought, then was as good as another Time; ſo I boldly aſked for the Biſhopric of *Cheſter*, or at leaſt the Wardenſhip of *Mancheſter* to be doing with at preſent.

Hearing this my little Reverend Brother's Fit of Modeſty expired; and with his wonted Pertneſs he interpoſed and ſaid, If that was a Time for begging of Biſhoprics he muſt do himſelf the Juſtice to put in his Claim; alledging many publick and private Services he had done to the Cauſe; concluding, that tho' he had not ſo openly declared himſelf for the P—— as I had done (ſneering at my Scarf and Cockade) yet as ſoon as his Highneſs arriv'd at St *James's*

he intended to throw off the Maſk, and, with his Flock to follow him thither, and therefore thought that he was intitled to be both Biſhop and Warden.

Here he ceaſed, and I thought it high Time, for I was quite confounded at ſuch conſummate Aſſurance; but yet, conſcious that his Merit and Services far exceeded my own and were of much longer ſtanding, I gave up my Pretenſions, and the P—— directly conferr'd on him the B——ric and Wardenſhip too.

I was nettled you may be ſure to ſee thoſe two delicious Morſels ſnatch'd from me thus. The P—— perceived it, and being unwilling to loſe me, promiſed, on the firſt ſignal Service I did him, to give me a Biſhopric too. I was ſo far engaged I could not retreat, ſo deter-

determined to be active in the Cauſe, that I might ſtrut the Biſhop as well as my Rival.

The next Day being the Feſtival of St. *Andrew*, the Titular Patron of *Scotland*, was a High Day with the *Scots*. The Rebel Chiefs ordered that Prayers ſhould be read to them in their own Way, in the great Church, at an unuſual Hour. Hearing of this I offered to officiate. They told me they heard the Chaplain of the Week was upon the Spot, and their Cauſe would ſhew better to the Vulgar if he read the Service; but if he refuſed I ſhould be the Man. Overjoyed at this I thought myſelf ſure of the Office; for having neither heard nor ſeen that he had been at the P___'s Levee, I took it for granted he would look upon ſuch a Compliance as criminal, and either perſiſt in refuſing or go

out of the Way. But he did not; ſo here I met with a ſecond Rebuff, and began to be jealous of more Reverend Rivals, and that if I did not ſecure a Biſhopric ſoon, I ſhould be in Danger of loſing all among ſo many Competitors! As I found I could ſhew no Merit in the Way of my ſacred Function I took another Courſe; and that was to raiſe Recruits; and who ſhould be the firſt I inliſted think ye! but my only Brother? who being an excellent Drummer I inveigled into the Rebellion and preſented him to the P——, who inſtantly made him Drum-major in the *Mancheſter* Regiment. Pleaſed with this Succeſs I grew hotter in my Zeal, and condeſcended to walk through the Town, in my Clerical Habit, after my Brother's Drum to encourage Recruits; and without Self-flattery may ſay I was pretty ſucceſsful.

So

So extraordinary a Procedure ſoon reach'd the P——'s Ear, and the next Time I paid my Devoir to him he expreſſed great Pleaſure at it, and ſaid he would keep me no longer in Suſpence, for the Biſhopric of *Carliſle* was then at my Service. I took it with both Hands you may be ſure, but little thought I was ſo ſoon to loſe it and make my fatal Exit here. So blind and ignorant is Man.

I now began to ſwell with Epiſcopal Thoughts, and meditated how to procure my *Conge d'Elire* before my Brother Biſhop of *C—r*. To have Precedency of him would, I knew, exceedingly gall him, mortify his Vanity, and ſufficiently revenge me for my former Diſappointment. Full of theſe Fancies I was, when we had Orders to march the next Day. We left *M—r* early

and were going, as I thought, directly to *London*.

Nothing happen'd in our March relative to my ſacred Function till we came to *Derby*; where the Clergy, not taking Pattern by us in *M___r* had withdrawn themſelves; thinking it inconſiſtent with their Characters, and the ſolemn Oaths they had taken, to ſtay to give Countenance to Rebels, or be intimidated by them into criminal Compliances. I was therefore call'd upon to officiate in *All-Saints* Church, which I readily undertook, and did not mince Matters, to come off with Jeſuitical Evaſions afterwards, but boldly pray'd for the Pretender by Name, and took for my Text theſe Words, *Render unto Cæſar the Things that are Cæſar's.* I confidently aſſerted, God forgive me, that by *Cæſar* was meant the *Old Pretender*, and

and that the Things that are Cæſar's, were our *Lives, Perſons, Fortunes, and Eſtates*, which were all his by *divine Right and Appointment*, with much more of the like abſurd, popiſh, and high-church Doctrines. My hungry Highland Auditors made a quick Application; for as ſoon as I finiſh'd, they began, as in other Places, to ſeize whatever they wanted; and even ſtripp'd People of their Cloaths, to the very Shoes from their Feet.

The P___ was ſo great a Bigot to Popery that he refuſed to be preſent at this Proteſtant Service, tho' his Father and Brother were expreſly prayed for by Name, and a Sermon preached to his own Heart's Content, as he declared when the ſubject Matter of it was rehearſed to him. He told me I had done ſingular Juſtice that Day to his Cauſe,

and

and for my further Encouragement ſhould have a better Biſhoprie ſoon. I flattered myſelf he meant *London*, and indulged the Thoughts of giving my little Competitor of *C—r* ſome freſh Mortifications, on my getting a Biſhopric ſo much ſuperior in Rank and Profit to *his*. But alaſs! how was I ſtun'd the next Morning, when the Word was given out, to march back by the Way that we came; which went heavily down with us; eſpecially the Ladies and *Jenny*, who, in Imagination, were already in the Palace of St. *James's*.

Various were the Reaſons aſſigned for this retrogade Motion; all equally falſe and deluſive. At length I ſmelt out the true one. There was a Royal Hero indeed in our Front, and nothing but the moſt precipitate Retreat could ſave us from his victorious Arm. So away

away we poſted—Helter Skelter indeed it was; and after many Frights and Fatigues we got back to our Hoſpitable *M——r*.

At our Return I found the Face of Things altered even there; no Ringing of Bells, no Bonfires and Illuminations; noLevees and Kiſſing of Hands as before. Nay I miſſed my two reverend Brethren. They had either wholly forſook the P——'s Lodgings or more privately haunted the Place; for I ſaw nothing of them. It gave me ſome Pleaſure at leaſt to ſee the Stage clear of my Rivals. In ſhort, after one Night's Reſt, for the very Name of the *Duke* prevented our taking more, away! to Horſe! to Horſe! was the Word, and we puſhed through thick and thin to ſecure our Retreat.

I was

I was much diſcontented, you may imagine, to be thus in Danger of being unbiſhoped; for I well knew there were no Biſhoprics in *Scotland*, where we were poſting. However I reſolved when we came to *Carliſle* to lay hold of that, and to make the beſt Uſe of my Time. At our Arrival there I quartered myſelf at the Chancellor's of my Dioceſs, who very undutifully was gone out of the Way and would not ſtay to receive his new Biſhop. To be revenged, I plundered every Deſk and Drawer for Papers relating to my fancied Income and Revenues. I looked upon all as my Right, and determined to be levying ſome Caſh, being then in great Want. My Epiſcopal Reign was but ſhort; for the brave, purſuing *Duke* gave us no Reſt, and ſoon overturn'd all our fine Schemes. I and my Brother Rebels of *M——r* were treacherouſly

rouſly betrayed (my Eyes are now open and I will ſpeak) and forceably left and penn'd up in *Carliſle*, as Scape Goats, for the raſcally, cowardly *Scots*, and their ſham, run-away Prince. What followed you all know and I need not repeat.

The Fate we meet with I own we deſerve, for joining ſo naſty and rebellious a Crew. Oh! my dear Countrymen and Friends, too late am I convinced of my Errors and fatal Deluſion. All the Amends I can make, to you and the Publick, is to exhort and admoniſh you to ſtand firm and unſhaken in your Allegiance, to your true and lawful Sovereign King George: Under him only and his illuſtrious Houſe can your Religion and Liberties be ſafe, and your Country happy and glorious. And if ever the like Mountaineer Re-

bels

bels ſhould invade you again, reſiſt them, and, like the Devil, they will flee from you. Don't be tamely paſſive, but ſtand to your Arms in Defence of your Lives, and Families, and Fortunes. And if any of your Neighbours, how great ſoever, would intimidate, or perſuade you to the contrary, regard them not. Depend upon it they are no Friends to the Government or you, but, it is to be feared, ſecret Enemies of both. Above all Things, avoid keeping Company with *Jacobites* and *Nonjurors*, that your Religion and Loyalty may not be tainted; for, believe me, you will find, as I have wofully done, their Pretences to be vain and ruinous in the End. The Time and Occaſion will not permit me any longer Speech; for ſee! all Things are ready; the Sheriff calls and I muſt now make my Exit. Farewel —— God bleſs you and forgive me —— And I

beg

beg of you all to pray with me, and for me, in that emphatical Petition you heard at my Sentence,

The Lord *have Mercy on my Soul!*

F I N I S.

beg of you all to pray with me, and
for me, in that emphatical Petition you
heard at my Sentence,

The Lord have Mercy on my Soul!

FINIS.